

# DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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## LOVE AND THE ECHO.

"Love me, love me," still he cried,  
"Ever love, forever!"  
Cupid, laughing, turned aside;  
Echo from the hill replied,  
"Never, never, never."

"Love me, for I love but thee,  
Ever, love, forever."  
Heart to heart for thee and me."  
Echo sighed, "It may not be,  
Never, never, never."

"Love me, now in life and death,  
Ever, love, forever."  
Sadly, in an under breath,  
Sobbing Echo answered,  
"Never, never, never."

"Love me, I shall worthy prove,  
Ever, love, forever."  
"Till a fairer face shall move!"  
Mocking Echo answers, "Love?"  
Never, never, never."

"Love me," still the lover sings,  
"Ever, love, forever."  
Cupid plumes for flight his wings  
As the last faint echo rings—  
"Never, never, never."  
—Clara B. St. George, in *Inter Ocean*.

## THE DEACON'S REVENGE.

I first met the deacon under rather odd circumstances. A persistent touch of rheumatism under my left shoulder, which defied liniments and plasters, sent me to the celebrated Hot Springs, seven miles north of Boomopolis, Southern California. The mud baths at these springs are justly celebrated for killing or curing all the ills that flesh inherits.

The long, low, narrow bath-house was not an inviting place. It smelled too much like an Inferno, and it was not clean. But rheumatism will take a man almost anywhere, and I did not shrink when I entered those dingy portals. The place was full of steam, through which I caught glimpses of muscular men in their shirt sleeves, the sweat pouring from their faces and their brawny arms as they handled long shovels. They were preparing the mud baths for the victims. A long trough ran the whole length of the building, filled with black, silky mud, over which steaming water, which emitted a sulphurous odor, was running. When I stooped and put my finger into the uncanny liquid, I quickly lifted it out again and said "ouch."

At right angles with this main trough are smaller ones. At the head of each of these is a tub for a water bath, and beyond that is a dressing room. These divisions are separated by half partitions. A quantity of mud is taken from the big trough and stirred up in one of the little ones. When it has reached a proper consistency and temperature, the patient, who in the meantime has prepared himself for the ordeal in the adjoining dressing room, stretches himself at length upon the steaming mass and is covered by an attendant with more of the same material. A few gunny sacks, neatly arranged on the top to confine the heat, make an artistic finish, and the patient's head alone protrudes. The mineral waters, heated by nature, come constantly boiling and bubbling through the ground, and the baths can be made seven times hotter than Nebuchadnezzar's furnace, if desired. If the patient survives, fire baths get the glory; if he dies, his case was hopeless from the start. Deacon Hardwicke would remain in one of these baths an hour, enduring an experience which might have killed a man of less phlegmatic temperament. Then he would try to persuade others to follow his example, greatly to the disgust of the managers, who were afraid that somebody would die in a bath, and so ruin the reputation of their establishment. For similar reasons he was unpopular with the attendants.

Thus it happened that the deacon seemed to be deserted, when, balancing myself on the plank that edged the steaming pool, I halted at the foot of his grave and gazed, half in alarm, at his closed eyes and heavy immobile features, down which trickled little rivulets of perspiration.

"Will you kindly tell me what time it is?" he asked, in a sepulchral tone, which added to the horrors of the situation.

"Ten o'clock," I said. "Want to get out? I'll call the attendant."

"Time isn't up for fifteen minutes yet," replied the deacon.

I picked up a sponge that was at hand, in a basin of cool water, and for the next fifteen minutes I bathed the deacon's perspiring forehead

with the grateful fluid. Then the attendant came, prepared to lift the little gate at the deacon's feet, to slide the slippery coverlet of mud off from him and back into the trough from which it had come, and to help him out of the tenacious, plastic cast that he had made in his sticky bed into the water-bath, and thence into the dressing-room, where he would receive a thorough grooming and be put to bed between a couple of blankets, there to doze and sweat for an hour or two longer. At this stage of the proceedings I fled the scene. The spectacle of the deacon's long, lank, loose-jointed figure, clothed only in a thin, clinging coat of jet-black mud, would have been too horribly ludicrous.

"Don't want a mudbath? They are great things," asked the deacon, as I turned to go.

"Not to-day," I replied. "Tomorrow, maybe, or next day, perhaps I'll indulge."

"Take them about a hundred and ten and stay in three quarters of an hour, and they will cure your rheumatism," responded the deacon reassuringly.

Two hours later the deacon joined the other guests at the hotel, professing to be greatly refreshed by his bath. His appearance was striking. He was tall, awkward and angular, yet dignified. His upper lip was smooth shaven, but on his chin was a heavy, grizzled growth of beard. His way of speech was so slow and solemn as to seem afflicted. I was told he was a '49er'; that his title of deacon was only honorary, having originally been bestowed by his associates in the mines and clinging to him through many changes of fortune; and that his business was real estate. He was said to be very clever in working off acreages of cactus bed, sage brush and hillside upon newcomers. His ungainly, honest appearance favored him, and he could look the prospective purchaser in the eye and weave the most remarkable romances without a quiver of his clerical features.

We became fast friends, and I found him an interesting study. It was the deacon's custom to make frequent trips to Boomopolis on business, returning to the hotel for more of his beloved baths. To reach the Hot Spring the traveler crosses five miles of desert country, where the cactus flourishes like the green bay-tree and the coyote shrills at night his peculiar lay. Then he climbs "the grade," a rise of a thousand feet in two miles. This part of the way is over a mountain road which skirts precipices and winds in and out among canons in a way that makes timid people dizzy.

At this time the great boom in Southern California had just collapsed, and numbers of men who had lost all their money found themselves in a strange land, penniless and friendless. As a result crime, particularly robbery, was rampant.

One bright, beautiful winter afternoon, Deacon Hardwicke started for the hotel. That morning he had procured at Boomopolis a lively team and a driver, and had been taken to different points about the valley, looking at lands which were offered for sale. Having completed his inspection he was driven to the foot of the grade, and there he dismissed the team. No one else would have done this after a hard day's ride; but the deacon thought that the exercise of climbing the grade afoot would do him good. He had in his hands a little black leather wallet containing deeds, and, as he walked along, in his slow and dignified fashion, his eyes bent on the ground, he looked like a gentleman of leisure, perhaps a wealthy Eastern tourist out for an airing.

At the foot of the grade is a little ranch house, and, just beyond, the road makes a turn almost at right angles and skirts the edge of a canon, where the traveler is hidden from view from either direction. In this angle of the way a man was waiting for the afternoon stage, which was about due. It carried the mail for the hotel, and sometimes considerable express matter, to say nothing of the passengers. But the deacon happened to come first, and, as he turned the corner,

plodding slowly along, he heard a smooth, clear, firm, but not impatient, voice say:

"Wait a moment, sir. And kindly hand over that gripsack and your money."

Glancing up, the deacon beheld a big revolver pointed at his head.

Deacon Hardwicke was surprised and grieved. He was not a coward. He had come across the plains in '49. He had lived in many a lawless community, had seen men lynched, had himself been a target for bullets more than once. If he had been armed he would have fought—as he afterward assured me. But the appalling fact flashed over him that he had no "gun," and that the gentlemanly stranger "had the drop" on him. The politeness of the latter's address was not a balm for his wounded feelings.

"Come," said the highwayman, in a more threatening tone. "I mean business. Drop your wallet. Give me your money, or I'll let daylight through you."

The deacon halted and shook his fist at the man. What he said is not material to this recital. Then he turned and ran down the grade. His hat bobbed off and his long coat tails fluttered out behind. It was an undignified and risky proceeding, but there seemed no help for it, except to give up his money, and the deacon did not consider that for a moment.

The highwayman fired twice, and the deacon afterward stated that the balls whistled in close proximity to his head. The shots flustered him. He stumbled, tripped and fell. He bruised his shins and tore the skin from his wrists. The wallet flew from his hand and he lay in the road, howling with rage and pain.

The marauder advanced leisurely and picked up the wallet. Just then the stage, which was a trifle late, as usual, rolled slowly around the turn in the road. The deacon's assailant leaped down the steep bank of the canon and rolled headlong among the chaparral. He regained his feet, crossed the rocky bed of the stream at the bottom of the canon, and disappeared among the bushes on the other side. The deacon lifted his long, bleeding arms toward heaven as he watched his foe depart beyond the reach of effective pursuit, and fairly screamed with impotent fury. The remarks of the passengers on the stage which picked him up and brought him to the hotel, did not tend to make him better natured. "Guess it was all a farce," "I didn't hear any shots," "More scared than hurt." These were some of the whispered comments that came to the deacon's ears. But he sat glum, indignant and silent until they reached the house.

Then he drew me aside, and I helped him put court plaster on his wounded wrists. "If I only had a gun that fellow would never have got out of there alive. I don't mind the pain. It's the disgrace that hurts. Don't see how I was careless enough to leave my gun at home these times," he said, with tears in his eyes.

"Still," I suggested, "as I understand it, he had the drop on you before you saw him. Perhaps it is just as well you did not have your gun. He might have killed you."

"Possibly," said the deacon; "but I would have fired as long as I could have crooked a finger. Now I shall be a laughing stock as long as I live. The boys will think it rich—simply rich."

"Do you think you would know the fellow should you see him again?" I asked.

"I should know him anywhere. He is short and wiry, dark hair, mustache, no beard, black eyes. And there is a great red, flaming scar on his cheek—knife wound, I reckon."

"I'll tell you what we'll do," I said. "Let us go to Boomopolis and find him. He will soon see that there is no pursuit and will certainly go there. Perhaps we can arrest him yet."

The deacon grasped my hand in both of his, and wrung it until it ached.

"How can I thank you?" he exclaimed. "We'll go to-night. And if we catch him you will see the prettiest fight of your life."

I prepared myself for the expedition by donning an old suit of

clothes and leaving my valuables at home. I had a perpetual winding Waterbury watch which I used when on hunting expeditions, and took it with me, also \$10 in silver and a small, plain, but serviceable revolver. We procured horses at the hotel stables and rode into town in the early evening.

Boomopolis at that time was only an infant among the cities of Southern California. There were huge gaps among its business houses, now filled with stately edifices. There were no pavements, and where a hundred globes of electric fire now glare at night upon the passerby, there was then only the dim and fitful gleam of lamps from the windows of the scattered stores.

After an elaborate supper at the Transcontinental, prepared by a French chef from Dublin and served by retired cowboys from Arizona, we sallied forth to visit the saloons and gambling places in search of our robber. We made three or four circuits of the town without success, and finally found ourselves in the "Magnolia Club Rooms." The establishment was really only a single room, on the ground floor back of a cigar store, arranged for faro and other games of chance. It was lighted by a solitary, mammoth lamp, which was suspended from the ceiling over a long, green covered table, upon which were scattered cards and gold coins.

Around it were perhaps a dozen men, of various sorts and conditions, all intent upon "the game." As many more, including ourselves, were interested onlookers. The room was blue with tobacco smoke, and the door at the farther end, which afforded communication with an adjoining bar, was perpetually on the swing.

I was enjoying the character of a detective hugely. So far there was a pleasant tinge of excitement—or rather, an expectation of excitement—and very little danger. But as we scanned the faces of the company without seeing our man, the deacon's brow grew black with disappointment. It was now after midnight. The cigar store was closed, but the bar was kept open all night. Disappointed in our search, we became absorbed in watching the game. There was something of the gambler in every man, and, as I looked upon the tense excited faces of the players, the contagion of their example seized me, and I felt in my pocket for a coin. Finding nothing but silver, which I did not like to stake, as there was none on the table, I was on the point of borrowing a double eagle from the deacon, when I heard a quiet but distinct voice, at the end of the room, say:

"Hands up, gentlemen, if you please."

Glancing around, I saw a man standing at the door leading to the bar, with a revolver in each hand pointed at us. He was a short, slight man, with dark hair and a flaming scar across his face.

There was no confusion. One of the loungers quietly placed his back against the door leading to the cigar store and drew two revolvers, which he pointed along the table. Two others, evidently confederates also, stood at ease awaiting the next order. The rest of us lifted our hands simultaneously. Any one could see that it was the only thing to do. The deacon's face was white as snow and his jaws were set like a steel trap.

"The gents that are seated will kindly rise," said the voice near the door.

The gamblers rose as one man.

"Now then. Everybody right about and face the wall," was the next command.

We faced about.

"March," said the cool, emphatic voice. "Two feet from the wall stop."

We advanced in two rows to the opposite sides of the room and stood, as directed, ranged against the walls. Then the two confederates stepped leisurely to the table, and scooped the gold into a couple of little sacks which they produced from their pockets.

"Keep your hands up, everybody," came a quick and sharp warning from the door, as some one inadvertently lowered his arms a trifle. "We're not through with you yet," the voice added.

Having secured the money on the table, the brigands proceeded to rob

our persons. With a great show of politeness they requested us to give up our watches, money and weapons. I was one of the first to comply. The fellow tossed my revolver and my few silver dollars into his sack, and grabbed at my watch.

Just then there was a crashing, explosive sound, deafening in the narrow confines of his room—then another—another and another. Then came darkness, a quick rush of feet, a tumult of shouts and groans.

It was the deacon, of course. I knew it before the welcome, hurried arrival of men from outside, with lanterns. He had "turned loose" at the leader. They had exchanged three or four shots before the light went out, quickly and mysteriously. The men with the sacks and the money were gone, but the deacon was bending over form that was stretched upon the floor. There was an eager wolf light in his eye; one hand still held the revolver, and the fingers of the other worked spasmodically backward and forward, as if he longed to clutch the fallen man by the throat. The fellow tried to lift himself upon his elbow.

"I know you, pard," he said. "You're the man I stood up this afternoon. You've held over me this time. I'm gone."

The deacon's eye softened. He dropped his revolver, put his long arm under the other's head, and tried to turn him into a more comfortable position.

"I am sorry for you," he said, slowly and simply.

"Oh—it's—all—right," gasped the wounded man, evidently speaking with great difficulty. "I came into—the game—on—a bluff, but you've—called—me—sure."

"Is there anything that I can do for you?" asked the deacon. "Any message—any—"

"Send down here," said the man.

The deacon lowered his head, and the other whispered something to him.

"I'll do it," said the deacon. "I'll do it, so help me, God!"

That was all. The crowd of people, attracted by the firing and the news of the robbery, gradually went away. The physicians summoned to attend the wounded outlaw explained that nothing could be done for him, except to make him a trifle easier for an hour or two. The hours of the night passed quickly, but long before morning the useless, crime-stained life was at an end.

The next day in the afternoon, the deacon and I sat on the veranda of the hotel at the Hot Springs enjoying a sunbath and admiring the diversified landscape before us.

"Nature is a lavish giver, a profigate," said the deacon in his solemn way. "See what an immense expanse of useless mountain lies before us, what a small area, comparatively, of cultivated land. It's a great waste. Don't you think so?"

"I suppose it is," I replied, "from the point of view of real estate. But it makes magnificent scenery."

"It's the same with human life," resumed the deacon. "For one who makes life a brilliant success there are millions who make a failure." I knew that the deacon was moralizing upon our recent adventure. "Now there was that young fellow yesterday," he said.

"Had he told me who he was I would have lent him a hundred to go East, and there he might have amounted to something. He simply threw his life away."

"He wasn't much of a marksman," I said, "or he might have succeeded better here."

"No," replied the deacon, "he was no good with a gun. That chap with him, though, was very clever in shooting out the light. Now if he had been at the other door, the thing might have been different."

"What did that young fellow say to you?" I asked.

"Told me his name. You would know the family if I should mention it. Wanted me to see that he was decently buried, and to write to his father and mother."

"And you will do it, of course," I said.

"I have given orders for the funeral. That's easy enough. But to write to the old folks is quite another thing."—*Argonaut*.

## HARICOT MUTTON.

"There now!" exclaimed young Mrs. Dean, as she came back into her sitting-room after paying an expressman at the door, "I am caught this time! It cost me one dollar to pay expressage on Will's books, and I have only twenty cents left."

"That's better than being twenty cents short," said her friend Lotty, who had come to spend the day with her.

"Oh! but you don't understand, my dear!" Mrs. Dean went on, with a little dismayed laugh. "That dollar means dinner. I was going to get such a sumptuous big porter-house steak. Will told me to. And we always pay cash; that is one of our rules. So now there's nothing for dinner!"

"Never mind the porter-house!" said Lotty, very calmly.

"But I don't want to boil corn beef to-day, and that's all the meat I have in the house. If Will's office wasn't so far away, I'd go right down there and get some money!"

"Ella Dean!" exclaimed Lotty, with sudden interest, "I recognize my opportunity! Do let me go into your kitchen with you, and help get dinner."

"It will seem like old times when you and I used to make molasses candy and fry doughnuts at Aunt Ruth's house."

"But what shall we cook?" asked Mrs. Dean, dubiously.

"That's the very point! You know my cousin Jean. She has joined a cooking-class, and I went to visit it last week. They cooked four or five different things in that one lesson, and the meat-dish was so good and appetizing, I have been wanting to try it ever since; but I can't, you know, because we are boarding."

"But remember the twenty cents!" urged Mrs. Dean.

"That's just what I do remember. The kind of meat we want isn't more than eight or ten cents a pound. You run out and get it, dear,—all you can get for twenty cents. Tell the man to give you mutton from the best part of the neck, and have him cut it up in pieces two or three inches long."

So Mrs. Dean sallied out with her twenty cents, and got two pounds and a half of mutton with the money.

Lotty placed this meat in a saucepan on the stove to brown, and quickly peeled and chopped an onion to add to it. A savory odor soon began to fill the kitchen.

"Oh! isn't that going to be good!" exclaimed Mrs. Dean, delightedly.

Meanwhile, Lotty cut up a turnip and a carrot into dice-shaped pieces, and put them to boil in a little pan by themselves for a while.

"Those cooking teachers are so nice," she said, as she did this. "Do you see how much smaller I cut the carrot than I did the turnip? The pieces are not more than half the size. The teacher said that carrots take longer than turnips to cook tender, but by cutting the dice smaller, it brings them out about even."

She presently added the vegetables, now partly done, to the mutton, which, when browned, had been put with boiling water to simmer in a kettle, and seasoned the whole with a little salt and pepper.

"There," she said, "now it has only to cook till the meat is tender, and my work is all done."

"It's going to be an easy dinner," said Mrs. Dean. "I have potatoes to boil, and tomatoes to cook. My dessert is already prepared, the table is set, and you have made my heart light with your wonderful mutton stew."

"Maybe it's just a stew," said Lotty, demurely, "but in the cooking class they call it Haricot Mutton."

When Will Dean came home, he found two bright faces awaiting him, and also an excellent dinner. They laughed together over the story of the twenty cents, and all agreed that they were glad the expressman took the dollar.

Lotty afterwards wrote out the recipe in full for her friend as it was given to the class.

"Haricot Mutton. Fry 2 lbs. mutton (from the best part of the neck) in drippings, having first cut the mutton into pieces 2 or 3 inches long and rather thick. Add 1 onion, chopped fine, and brown it with the meat. Put it in a stew pan when

brown, and add as much boiling water as you wish for gravy. Let it simmer while you prepare 1 turnip and 1 carrot. Cut them in small pieces, and parboil in boiling water 10 minutes. Then add to the mutton, and let all simmer half an hour, or until tender. Season to taste. Put the meat in the centre of the platter, vegetables around it, and pour the gravy over."—*Youths Companion*.

## BROTHER AND SISTER.

The boy who prefers leaving his sister out of his games because she is "only a girl," or the sister who does not invite her brother to join her own intimates because he is "so awkward and horrid," would do well to sit down and consider the beauty of the relation between children of the same parents, as it has existed among certain noble souls. George Eliot has written:

"And were another childhood world my share,  
I would be born a little sister there,"  
and doubtless many a woman who has learned the delights of that relation could echo the wish.

The idol and hero of Caroline Herschel, the famous astronomer, was her brother William, who took her from a dull, unsatisfying life, and gave her a share in his own pursuits. A woman of great mental ability, she was ready to turn her mind in any direction where he could be best served, and though her untiring industry gave her a high place among astronomers, she always insisted that she only "minded the heavens" for her brother.

"I am nothing," she wrote, "I have done nothing. All I am, all I know, I owe to my brother. I am only a tool which he shaped to his use; a well-trained puppy-dog would have done as much."

In an intimacy as close and beautiful as this lived Charles and Mary Lamb, the brother sacrificing for his insanity-tainted sister the ease of his life, and his prospects of happy marriage. His first poems were dedicated to his "best friend and sister," and his daily life was full of constant and loving service to her. So dependent was she upon him that one day, when that thought occurred to him, he said, in his blunt fashion which covered a deep well of tenderness:

"You must die first, Mary."  
"Yes," she answered, with her little quiet nod and sweet smile, "I must die first, Charles."

Yet she survived in loneliness for thirteen years after he had left her.

It was Harriet Martineau's elder brother who first encouraged her to adopt literature as a profession. One day he read aloud to her and commended extracts from an anonymous article which she had written.

"I never could baffle anybody!" she exclaimed, finally. "The truth is, that paper is mine."

Her brother laid his hand on her shoulder, and said, kindly:

"Now, dear, leave it to other women to make shirts and darn stockings; and do you devote yourself to this."

Had he thrown cold water on her aspirations, the world might have been the loser.

Dorothy Wordsworth renounced all thought of marriage and the cultivation of her own poetic gifts, for the sake of devoting herself entirely to her brother, the poet. Before any one else had thought of it, she recognized his genius, and she was always his inspirer and critic.

So may a conventional tie become gilded and glorified by love.

A wise and learned man says that every child should be taught to pay all his debts, and to fulfill all his contracts, exactly in manner, completely in value, punctually at the time. Everything he has borrowed he should be obliged to return, uninjured, at the time specified; and everything belonging to others which he has lost he should be required to replace.

No matter how good the deacon is, he will always look wise and pleased if anybody suggests that he was a pretty lively young fellow when he was a boy.—*Somerville Journal*.



# DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

NEW YORK, AUGUST 15, 1895.

E. A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published at 164th Street and Ridge Avenue) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

## TERMS.

One copy, one year, \$1.00  
If not paid within six months, 1.50

## CONTRIBUTIONS.

All contributions must be accompanied with the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. Correspondents are alone responsible for views and opinions expressed in their communications.

Contributions, subscriptions and Business Letters to be sent to THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Station M, New York City.

"He's true to God who's true to man; Wherever wrong is done To the humblest and the weakest 'Neath the all-beholding sun, That wrong is also done to us, And they are slaves most base, Whose love of right is for themselves, And not for all the race."

THE following special from Boston explains itself:

ACHESON & CO.'S BUSINESS BURNED OUT. [Special to the JOURNAL.]

Boston, Mass., Aug. 9, 1895.—Acheson & Co.'s office burned out last night. Loss is about \$500. Will start up again in a short time.

We regret to learn of Acheson & Co.'s financial loss. The *American Gazette*, which was the latest candidate for public favor, among the newspapers for the deaf, has, of course, been temporarily suspended. Whether of not they will resume its publication has not been settled. In any event, those who sent in yearly subscriptions will be settled with in some way or other. We do not believe the *Gazette* was a "howling success," and money could be saved without detriment to the welfare of the deaf, by refusing to rake it from the opportune funeral pyre. This is merely an opinion, and is for the benefit of the enterprising young men who form the company that own the paper. Our sympathy is entirely with the firm of Acheson & Co. Having visited their printing plant, we know what their loss is, and having been through a like experience, we can understand their trouble and mental worry. This year has been prolific of conflagrations among the deaf. First there was the total destruction by fire of the JOURNAL office, then the burning of Mr. Souweine's engraving establishment, and now it is the printing plant of Acheson & Co.

THE *Mirror* in referring to the JOURNAL's record of accidents and fatalities to deaf-mutes who walk on the railroad, makes a slight error in stating that the record was kept up for six months. The truth is, the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL kept a record of railroad victims for five years. The average at the beginning year was about three victims in two weeks. Later, only a victim a week was the yearly average. Finally, when the formal record was discontinued, there had been but thirty-four victims during the year, just about half of the number of the year when the record feature was inaugurated as a department in the JOURNAL. It seems advisable to resuscitate the "Railroad Victims" department, and again make it a weekly feature of the JOURNAL.

LATEST reports from Nebraska, confirm the rumor that Superintendent Gillespie is to retain his position at the head of the Nebraska Institution. That is as it should be. While the result is mainly due to Prof. Gillespie's proved efficiency as an educator of the deaf, still those who were inclined to disregard merit were forced to accede to popular judgment as voiced in the newspapers of Omaha and one or two newspapers of the deaf. It is well that the school is not to become a political plum for rabid partisans. We look forward to a continuation of the good work of the past, and congratulate the deaf upon the retention of their old Superintendent.

## SERVICES FOR DEAF-MUTES.

TENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY, AUGUST 18.

St. Ann's in the Church of St. John the Evangelist, 3.30 P.M.  
St. Mark's Church, Brooklyn, 3 P.M.  
Trinity Church, Newark, N. J., Holy Communion, 3 P.M.  
St. Peter's Church, Porchester, 3 P.M.

# ITEMIZER.

## Abbreviated News Concerning Deaf-Mutes.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column. Mark items to be sent: *The Itemizer*.

Mr. Henry A. Schnakenberg arrived home in Brooklyn last week from a two-week's stay at White Lake, Sullivan Co., N. Y. His tan face is evidence of having a good time there.

Miss Bettie Mayer, of Evansville, Ind., will be married to Isadore L. Straus, of Montgomery, Ala., on the 11th of September. The ceremony will be performed at the bride's home in Evansville.

Mr. Archie J. McLaren's father died of pneumonia lately. His father was prostrated by sunstroke last June. While he was on the way to recovery pneumonia stepped in and carried him away.

Mrs. George Homer has had a pleasant visit to Newport with friends, seeing the sights and enjoying the ocean drives. She goes this month to Kennebunkport, to visit her son and his wife, who are stopping there for the summer.

BUFFALO, N. Y., Aug. 7, 1895.—Mr. Lat Connel, a deaf-mute plasterer, living at 102 Front Avenue, Buffalo, N. Y., while working on the Mooney Building, Tuesday morning, August 6th, fell forty feet and broke five ribs. He was taken to the Emergency Hospital. He will recover, so it is said.

## Made Deaf by Lightning.

SOUTHAMPTON, L. I., Aug. 12.—Lightning struck William R. Halsey's house last night, demolished the chimney and passed down into Mrs. Halsey's room, who had two small children with her. It tore out the window casings, threw them around, passed over the bed, and balls of fire seemed to fill the room. Mr. Halsey has been made deaf by the shock. No one else in the room was seriously injured. —N. Y. World.

A quiet but enjoyable occasion took place at the elegant parlor of Mr. and Mrs. Philip Tobin on Monday night, the 5th inst., in Brooklyn. The reception, in honor of Mrs. Emma V. Brown who was to start for Amityville, L. I., was gotten up by her friends and the evening was spent in social chat. Light refreshments were served up at midnight, after which all went home, evidently pleased with the evening's enjoyments. Mr. and Mrs. Tobin did well in attending to the guests' wants.

## Married.

NEWPORT, MASS., Aug. 7, 1895.—Mr. Thomas Flavin, of Amesbury, was married to Miss Lillie M. Bragg, of Salisbury, in Saint Joseph Church, by Rev. Father Nilan last Tuesday evening. She wore a blue silk dress with lace trimmings. Mr. and Mrs. John Kiely, nee Kate Reddy, were the best man and bridesmaid. Rev. Father Nilan performed the marriage by manual alphabet. A number of deaf-mutes were present. They left there for a short trip, and will return and take up their residence in Amesbury. We give them congratulations and hope that they will lead a happy life.

## Trolley Kills an Old Man in Newark.

Patrick Brady, an aged lockkeeper employed by the Morris Canal Company at the lock near the plank road bridge over the Passaic in Newark, was killed yesterday afternoon by a trolley car, which had just crossed the bridge while going from Jersey City to Newark. It was car 312, run by Motorman Thomas Dolan, and witnesses of the accident said it was going at full speed.

Brady had been up town for groceries, and a substitute was in his place at the lock. He was 72 years old, and, being quite deaf, he did not hear the clanging of the gong, he crossed directly in front of the car. His skull was fractured, and he was thrown from the track to the towpath. —N. Y. Sun, Aug 10.

## Made Blind and Deaf by a Salute.

SPRINGFIELD, OHIO, Aug. 6.—An excursion party of Knights of Pythias from Springfield and Dayton left here yesterday to go into camp at Sandusky. The Third Regiment, Ohio National Guard, that has been in camp near Sandusky, left there in a train for their homes. In the train bearing the Knights of Pythias was a cannon that they loaded and fired at frequent intervals from the baggage car. The trains passed each other near Bellefontaine. Just as they met, the Knights, not knowing of the approach of the other train, fired the cannon. The heavy wadding and powder of the discharged into one of the coaches of the other train and injured some twenty-five persons. Two or three probably will lose their sight, while an equal number have been made deaf. —N. Y. Recorder.

## Survived the Gallows, But is Now Mute as a Post.

VICKSBURG, MISS., Aug. 9.—It is reported by persons in a position to know that Grant Wilson, one of the King murderers, who was hanged at Mayersville on July 3d, and was pronounced dead, was only in a state of coma, and that the jolting of the wagon brought him to. On the way home he knocked on the coffin and came near frightening the driver to death. After reaching home with him, a doctor from Arkansas, immediately across the river from the home of the relatives and the scene of his crime, was sent for. The doctor after a few days pronounced him all right.

The only difference between the now legally dead Grant Wilson and the murderer in his former lifetime is the fact that now he is as mute as a post. It is presumed that the shock to the nervous system destroyed the vocal cords or upset them to such a degree as to render them useless. And the cause of his hiding, as his friends fear the vengeance of a populace from whose wrath he was fortunate enough to escape in his other lifetime. —N. Y. Recorder.

## SUPT. F. D. CLARKE'S PAPER AT FLINT.

## ENTITLED "A QUESTION IN PSYCHOLOGY."

"If we have to teach, is it not useful to know how the mind acquires knowledge?"—Rooper.

I deem it no reflection upon those wise, learned and conscientious men, who went before us in the noble work of teaching the deaf; to say that in my opinion the teachers, methods and results of to-day, in American Schools especially, are much in advance of those of twenty-five years ago. Nor would I take it as derogatory, if any prophet amongst us should tell me that those who will stand in our places twenty-five years hence will be superior to us.

By methods, I do not mean the much-talked-of oral, manual or combined, but use the word in the sense in which our brethren of the common schools use it, to denote the manner in which the teacher educates, or draws out, his pupils; the adaptation of teaching to the child.

The aim of all true educators is not to make or build a man, but to help a child's own nature to develop harmoniously all the power of his body, mind and soul. We, who have to do with children, especially we teachers of the deaf, who more—a thousand times more—than any other teachers, are responsible for what our pupils become, should strive unceasingly to help them grow into the very best men and women they possibly can.

We should search diligently in the minds of our children for any hidden possibilities, which, without our help, might lie dormant, and by a touch, or by long-continued effort, rouse them into activity and life.

How to do this with each child who comes into our classes, is an exceedingly difficult and very intricate problem, and carries with it a solemn responsibility.

That we, or our successors, will perfectly succeed, is not possible, and will never be, as long as teachers are human; but that we will do better as the years roll by, I do not doubt.

Education is directing self development. The true teacher is he who directs the child-mind in its efforts to develop as a perfect and harmonious whole, encouraging it to use one power more, and another less, so that all will develop into a symmetrical maturity. The child must do the thinking; the teacher cannot do it for him; his work is to promote the thinking, and to assist in its expression. Skill in the teacher is the ability to know the child's thought, before it is expressed, and to assist its development and expression. There may be thought, to a limited extent, perhaps without expression; but in the child there can be but little development of that thought without expression—language—and the fuller and freer that expression is, the more rapid will be the development of the thought. Language teaching is, therefore, and always must be, with the great exception of character building, the greatest and noblest work of the teacher; and no teacher can hope for even moderate success in this, unless he knows how a child's mind works. This knowledge we can only gain by watching that mind at work.

Remember, we must watch the child's mind, not our own. It is just here that so many have failed in the past, and fail now.

At first thought one would suppose that the mind of a deaf child, undeveloped and able only with greatest difficulty to find expression, and that of an educated hear-adult, were so different, that educated men and women would not expect one to act as the other does, except after long training. It seems a natural conclusion that things so different would work differently. Observation has convinced me that they do. Many teachers look, not into the deaf child's undeveloped mind to find facts on which to base a system to develop it, but into their own nature and well-trained consciousness. Not knowing the nature and power of the child's mind, their efforts to assist its development are ill directed, and they are unskillful teachers. They fail to cultivate observation, perception, conception, comparison, judgment, memory and language; or they do so at a great disadvantage. They make blunders as great as it would be to teach calculus and conic sections in the primary department.

The more the teacher knows of the psychology of the deaf child's mind, its powers and weakness, its methods of growth and laws of action, the greater judgment and foresight he can use in applying to it the accepted axioms of the science of education; for education is a science, and not a collection of haphazard, hit-or-miss-rule-of-thumb.

All psychologists agree that observation is yet needed to perfect their knowledge of the powers and developed mind, while with the minds of hearing children the science is yet in its infancy.

These thoughts were suggested by an article in the *Forum* of last August, by Prof. E. W. Scripture, from which I make the following quotations:—

"It is possible in many cases to determine by actual experiment the best methods to be used in instruction. Suppose, for example, that a number of foreign words are to be associated with a number of English words; it is not enough for the educator to know how this is usually done, he must know how to do it in the shortest time and with the least effort. With this in view, I once made a few experiments, not with the idea of obtaining any definite results, but merely to try if there might not be a way of 'experimental education.'

"On each of eight cards I pasted a picture and a Japanese word in ordinary Roman Letters; on eight more I put a German word (the experiments were made in Leipzig) and a Japanese word. "These were shown successively several times to another person. Two days afterwards, half each of each card was shown him, and he was asked to tell what was on the other half—e.g., he saw a picture and had to give the Japanese word belonging to it. The results, for which I do not in the least claim scientific accuracy, can be arranged as follows:

"When the picture was shown alone and the word demanded, the correct answer was given three times out of eight; when the German word was shown not a single time could the Japanese word be given; when the Japanese word was shown the picture demanded, it was given correctly in every case but one, whereas the Japanese word was able to call up the German word only three times out of eight. Now suppose that this series of experiments, instead of being limited to a single occasion, has been extended till the results could claim the authority of numbers, then we could lay down the law, that in teaching vocabularies of foreign languages, more than three times as rapid progress can be made from learning from pictures as from merely placing words side by side."

I do not intend to claim any authority for this experiment, but it is a very suggestive one. How can we lead the minds of children to develop fastest and most naturally. Are we doing so now? Is there a better way? Are we doing what we should to find it? All these questions are suggested by the extract I have read.

In reading the writing of any one of those whose labors have left an impress on the science and art of education, from Pestalozzi's time till now, we are impressed with the very great importance which all of them attach the sense-impression—to the necessity for a child to see and feel the object, to hear the sound, or to perform the act.

Have we, as teachers of the deaf, paid sufficient attention to the way in which we present new ideas? Are we sufficiently impressed with the importance of presenting them rightly? Do we make experiments in this line?

Many of us say and believe that ideas and thoughts should precede language and expression, but are we careful enough to see that the ideas are sharp and clear, and that they are properly connected, and presented in proper order. Are we not too often satisfied with language not founded on the user's thoughts.

Mr. Chairman, and fellow teachers, I believe that the time has come for careful investigation of these questions, and that we, the teachers of the deaf children of America, are those who should conduct it. I hope that this convention will not disperse without the formation of a section for this work, which will take it up conscientiously, fearlessly and thoroughly.

Chas. T. Thompson, who used to work for Tiffany as a designer, has since the past two years and a half been working independently and making good returns, while few are aware of it. As was related to me the other day, when the hard times were so prevalent over two years ago, and Tiffany for the first time in many years were forced to lay off most of their help, Mr. Thompson conceived the idea of making designs for furniture and wood-work manufactures, and called into his service one to travel the country and sell them. The experiment proved a success, and the business is continued till this day. These designs, of which Mr. Thompson can make ten or twelve a day, and no two alike, net him \$5 for every sale, the agent reserving the right to sell them for as high a price as he can get. Mr. Thompson also does work for contractors and architects, and is as clever with the pencil or paint brush in his line, as can be found anywhere else.

## Rev. Mr. Mann's Appointments.

AUGUST.  
13-7.30 P.M., Buffalo, St. James' Church.  
15-Morning, Saratoga, Opening of the Convention.  
15-8 P.M., Saratoga, Service with the Rev. Mr. Dantzer.  
16-Morning, Saratoga, Attending Convention.  
18-10.30 A.M., Syracuse, Holy Communion in the chapel of the Cathedral.  
18-7.30 P.M., Rochester, Service in the chapel of St. Paul's Church.  
19-Return to headquarters.  
23-7.30 P.M., Indianapolis, Evening Prayer.  
24-3 P.M., Niles, Mich., Service.  
24-8 P.M., Michigan City, Service.  
25-10.45 A.M., Chicago, Parish house of Trinity Church, Holy Communion.  
25-3 P.M., Chicago, Evening Service and Sermon.  
26-7.30 P.M., Grand Rapids, Chapel of St. Mark's Church.  
27-7.30 P.M., Detroit, Chapel of St. John's Church.  
30-Morning, Columbus, Opening of the Reunion.  
31-Columbus.

## SEPTEMBER.

1-10.30 A.M., Columbus, Service.  
1-3 P.M., Columbus, Service and Baptism.  
Please address the Rev. A. W. Mann, at 922 Cedar Avenue, Cleveland, O.

## Rev. Mr. Dantzer's Appointments.

AUGUST.  
16-Convention, Saratoga Springs.  
18-10.30 A.M., Chapel of Christ Church, Binghamton, Holy Communion.  
18-4 P.M., Christ Church, Binghamton, Evening Prayer.  
19-Owego, N. Y.  
30-Elmira, N. Y.  
31-Watkins, N. Y.  
23-7.30 P.M., St. Paul's, Rochester.  
25-10.30 A.M., St. James, Buffalo, Holy Communion in the basement.  
25-4.00 P.M., St. James, Buffalo, Evening Prayer.

Address: Rev. C. O. Dantzer, 447 Elk St., Buffalo, N. Y.

# NEW YORK.

## "Ted's" Compliments to the "Irr. Opp."

## CHAS. T. THOMPSON HAS "PUSH."

Midsummer Cleanings--All Away to the Country?—A Few Notes, Personal, and Otherwise.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

Theo. I. Lounsbury's address is 999 Third Avenue, New York City.

I don't subscribe for this *Irrational Opponent* of our interests, because it says all that is good and nice of the Step-by-Step Club, and all that is bad of us New Yorkers, but somebody is anxious that I should see it, and so it has been sent me quite regularly. Looking over the last issue I again failed to notice the "new dress," to which it has called attention. I saw, however, five columns of plate matter and six of advertisements; half a column list of alleged contributors and correspondents, and some reading notices, while the rest of the space was taken up by letters from New York and Philadelphia, and a few backwoods places of no particular interest, and two columns is utilized by a regular kicker who is not a thousand miles from one end of the Empire State in criticizing certain things that do not strike his fancy.

He hides under assumed initials—afraid to give his own. He kicks against the Quaid Club because he is not a member. He says 250 people were at the picnic instead of 450—because he was not there to count them. He says all the nice things of one that he likes, and helps the *Regensponsent* lose another dozen subscribers by trying to hurt the feelings of those belonging to a certain club. He kicks at the Empire State Association because they didn't undertake a matter that didn't concern them. He sneers at the education afforded by the Central New York Institution—and all because—

Because he can't mind his own business, and because he is ill at ease with the world. He dislikes certain people; cannot rest till he has aired his opinions of them. He loses sleep; patiently awaits the arrival of his *Personal-Feeling-Exponent*.

And then he revels in delight at the heart-aches he imagines he has caused among his imaginary enemies. Poor soul!

For printing such stuff will cost it about a dozen "Please-stop-my-papers" every time.

Fortunately, there are not a dozen paid-up subscribers in this great city who will ever notice the onslaughts on Easterners in the *Regensfakir*, or any other name by which it may be known.

Chas. T. Thompson, who used to work for Tiffany as a designer, has since the past two years and a half been working independently and making good returns, while few are aware of it. As was related to me the other day, when the hard times were so prevalent over two years ago, and Tiffany for the first time in many years were forced to lay off most of their help, Mr. Thompson conceived the idea of making designs for furniture and wood-work manufactures, and called into his service one to travel the country and sell them. The experiment proved a success, and the business is continued till this day. These designs, of which Mr. Thompson can make ten or twelve a day, and no two alike, net him \$5 for every sale, the agent reserving the right to sell them for as high a price as he can get. Mr. Thompson also does work for contractors and architects, and is as clever with the pencil or paint brush in his line, as can be found anywhere else.

There is a little story going the rounds about him. When the U. L. had their excursion on July 23d, Charles started out with his bicycle early in the morning for Laurelton Grove, but was misdirected and arrived at Oyster Bay in the afternoon, and then again directing for Laurelton Grove, he pedaled away till he came across a farmer, and upon inquiring if he was near to that place, was told "near about seven miles." Charles looked at his watch. It was 4:15, and, so seeing it was useless to continue, he turned back, arriving in New York in three hours time, while it had taken him eight hours to get there.

Mrs. C. T. Thompson and son are visiting with Miss Kugeler in Poughkeepsie.

Is Hoy relegated to the "Has-Beens?" The Cincinnati have released him, and he is unwilling to play with a minor league after the present season. If one of the league teams do not engage him for the next season, he says he will be out of the profession. Unlike the majority of players, Hoy saves all his earnings, and he must have

quite a snug sum with which to engage in a new undertaking.

It is said that several of the deaf-mutes went to Long Branch Sunday, but their number and place of residence is not known. Alfred Klemme was there for the first time last Sunday, with his brother's family.

Peter F. Redington was at Asbury Park Sunday, with a friend of his.

The mother of Miss Amelia Antusch, of Brooklyn, died Saturday night, the burial taking place at the Lutheran Cemetery on Tuesday. Miss Antusch and her sisters, who are known to many of the deaf-mutes, have their sympathy.

Not many from here go to the convention to be held at Saratoga this week. So far as known, those going are Messrs. Hodgson, Fox, Russell, Godfrey, Julhagen, and probably Messrs. Souweine and H. J. Haight.

At nine o'clock there were about 100 present at the Regensfakir, August 1. There were exactly 142 at the Brooklyn Society picnic, according to the number tickets taken in—J. F. D., in the Regensfakir, August 8.

J. F. D. might well correct him self in several other instances. By the way, the JOURNAL gave the number as 150, which is very near correct, as the members and about four reporters were admitted free. But really, the number should be stated at 200, as there were nearly a half hundred children and babies.

We have not had the last of the summer picnics yet. The Newark Society held theirs on Saturday, August 31st, at Roseville Park. See advertisement on last page. Messrs. Lawrenz and Samuels are getting out a souvenir journal for the occasion.

Just now a good many of the deaf are out of town. The services at St. John's are slimly attended, and the Fifth Avenue Hotel seems to have no charms for those remaining in the city.

Fred. W. Meinken is seriously contemplating starting in business for himself as a block-maker for wall-paper factories.

A. L. Pach has been engaged as private tutor to a deaf boy some miles from Easton, Pa. His services being required but a few hours each day, he is able to prosecute his business as photographer, and has calls to do work for some of the largest corporations and manufacturing firms in Pennsylvania and elsewhere. He still makes a specialty of college and convention group work. This week he goes to Saratoga.

Mrs. C. T. Thompson and little boy are the guests of Miss Kugeler in Poughkeepsie for a few days. Charles don't like grass-widowhood.

C. E. Vernon, who is in town for the summer, will return to Buffalo in the Fall to continue to massage business there.

Miss Mamie McKendrick, who used to attend the Fordham school, is now in the Metropolitan Hospital on Blackwell's Island, for the treatment of a sore back, and it is likely she will have to remain there several months.

Mrs. Gallaudet and daughters have gone to Asbury Park to stay for a few weeks.

A cable dispatch says that the convention in Dublin was in session last week, and mentions Rev. Dr. Gallaudet as a delegate from America who was present.

Mrs. C. Vetterlein and her little daughter, in company with Miss C. Schloss, have left the City of Churches for a few weeks' enjoyment of the sea breezes at Centre Port, L. I.

Mrs. James Russell and children are staying in the country, near Albany, N. Y., for a few weeks, where the children can romp and play over the grass and hay, and pull out corn stalks and tomato plant. "Alderman" Russell stays home to attend to his printing business, which has grown in the course of years; till now he has quite a large plant and a good trade. He has implicit confidence in his partner, Mr. Piser, who by the way is a hearing man of business tact and push.

Mrs. William Allen is visiting in Albany with Miss Maggie Flynn, where she is to stay for a month.

Mrs. George Abrams, of Boston, has been in Brooklyn most of the summer, and will remain there till Mr. Abrams gets his vacation and calls for her.

Theo. A. Froehlich rarely takes a vacation, but occasionally runs over to Long Branch Saturday nights to remain over Sunday.

Francis Nubser is employed as a private secretary to millionaire Haight, who has a large estate to look after. He is also an electrician and inventor. Miss M. H. Jones also works for him in the capacity of clerk. Both she and Mr. Nubser are simply hard of hearing, and can carry on conversation readily, depending more upon their sense of hearing than by watching the lip motions of speakers.

Ted.

Miss Una Buzzan will be united in marriage to Mr. Oscar Raymond Bander, at Oia, Iowa, on Wednesday August 28, at eight P.M.

Hoy is again drawing salary from the Cincinnati Club. He will be kept as utility man until the end of the season, and will be placed on the reserve list of the club for next year. —N. Y. Sun.

## REV. MR. MANN'S WORK.

A volume entitled "Sermons on the Gospels" by different clergymen of the Protestant Episcopal Church, has just been issued by the Young Churchman Company. The Rev. Austin W. Mann, M.A., contributes a sermon on the Twelfth Sunday after Trinity. The following notice is from *The Church Electric*:

## FOR LAY READERS.

Sermons on the Gospels. Trinity to Advent. Intended for the use of Lay Readers. Milwaukee: The Young Churchman Co. Price \$1.25 net.

This volume consists of sermons of convenient length, for each Sunday and holy day throughout the latter half of the Church's year, all by different authors, selected from among the American clergy. Among them are the Bishops of Pittsburgh, Milwaukee, Nevada, and Utah, and Vermont, and many well-known clergy, particularly in the West, where the need of the work of lay readers is most keenly felt. Such a volume has been much needed ever since the agency of lay readers has been so widely utilized in the Church. Our readers have been dependent for their sermons almost entirely upon those published by English clergymen. The ordinary reader requires short sermons of great simplicity and conciseness of thought and expression. The sermons of the great preachers of the Church are in no way adapted for use in average country congregations. Buxton's writings are, perhaps, most popular for the purpose, because they are short and simple; but they are colorless and of little practical value for teaching. Murphy's are better, but yet English authors use language and illustrations that are not understood by our rural people. Woodhouse's sermons are good, but there are no texts prefixed to them. Baring Gould's lectures on the Creed are excellent, but so full of local illustrations as to render them unfit to read as they stand, to American congregations.

This new volume is intended for use in just the shape it is published. It will not be necessary to change words here or there, as it is in using English volumes generally. In length, in matter and in teaching they will be found excellent for the purpose. Many of them contain doctrinal instruction, which is so much needed in this day, amongst the mass of watery platitudes that pass as popular sermons.

On the whole they are excellent, and from their variety and different modes of treatment, no less than from the harmony of their subjects, they are far better adapted for reading to a congregation than could be any volume composed entirely by any one among the authors.

## Spoiled Children.

Fenelon, the great French writer on education, once said: "What is to become of children (who in the end make up the human species), if their parents spoil them from their earliest years?"

Yes, poor little folks! When we see spoiled children, we often wonder what is to become of them in the future. There are houses where everything is kept in beautiful order excepting the children; and it is an ordeal to have to visit these homes. The little ones, instead of being a joy and delight to their parents and friends, are nothing but a pain and a trial, and have to be endured. They are like tender flowers whose bloom has been injured, and whose perfume has been destroyed by harsh winds and injudicious treatment. The harmful influence in their case has been the weak indulgence of parents who have not known how to train little ones in obedience. Mothers sometimes imagine that manners are the concern of teachers and governesses—that they are to be acquired apart from the home. This is not the case, however. It has been wisely said, "Manners are not like clothes; you cannot have a fine suit for company and a common suit for home wear. They are part of the character, not to be put off and on at pleasure." Unless politeness is taught in the nursery and made a daily practice, embarrassment and want of ease will ensue when it is attempted in company.

Patience and firmness are the two qualities which parents must exercise if they would not have their children spoiled. Where these virtues exist, it is comparatively easy to teach children early to be obedient and truthful, unselfish and forbearing in their behavior to one another, respectful to older persons, and polite to every one. Apart from actual training, parents should remember that a child's companions influence his character. Emerson says, "We catch manners as we catch diseases—from one another." Mothers are usually most anxious to keep their children away from a house where there are measles and whooping-cough. They ought to be anxious also to keep them away from a house where rudeness and ill-breeding prevail.

The example of daily life is also a most powerful instructor in manners. Children learn much more readily by example than by precept.—*Selected*.



## FANWOOD.

"A. Quad," Bats and a Trilby.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

Other News Notes from Old Fanwood.

(From various sources.)

On Thursday evening last "A. Quad" was disturbed. We would not mention it, but since there are others concerned, the joke is too good to keep. 'Twas just after everybody in the main building had retired for the night. "A. Quad" was occupied in writing, suddenly in some mysterious way two ugly fellows, known as bats, got in his room, and one of them, so we are told, came pretty near biting off one of his ears. "A. Quad" is deaf as a post and his ears are of no earthly use to him, except as ornamental, and for that reason alone he did not wish to part with these ornaments, which have and will continue to make strangers believe that there is nothing the matter with them. What could he do? Get rid of the bats. That is just what he did. He went at them, but if the reader has ever attempted to catch a bat, it will be understood that it is not an easy task, and harder still in attempting to bag two, besides "A. Quad" had a lame arm, the result of a fall in the morning. It seems that he forgot all about his lame arm, for he went at the bats in real earnest, anything that came his way he picked up and hurled at the bats. He succeeded at length in landing one of them, and at the same time breaking a pane of glass. This woke the occupant in the next room and also those in the rooms adjoining, but "A. Quad" did not even stop to breathe, and was going for the other fellow in a lively fashion, and the fellow—the bat, not "A. Quad"—seemed possessed of the devil. How long it was that the war lasted even "A. Quad" himself does not know. But as is well known that every romance finally ends right, this was no exception to the rule. Just as "A. Quad" dealt a telling blow to the villain, the night supervisor appeared on the scene. In the meantime, a young Trilby, God bless her! thought that "A. Quad" was suddenly possessed of the devil(?) and raving crazy, with her nimble Trilby feet hastened to call the matron. The alarm was quelled at this stage, by the appearance of "A. Quad" himself in the main hall, where the tableau, as it were, took place. In his hand "A. Quad" held his second prize. After explaining what the trouble was all about, all joined in the laughter. The incident is yet being talked of. Trilby—Fanwood's own Trilby, the devil and the bat, while "A. Quad" is lost sight of.

"All's well that ends well."

Miss Lucy Clark, of Hartford, Conn., who taught here during the past year, has resigned, having secured a position as teacher at the American School for the Deaf, at Hartford, where her father, Prof. Abel S. Clark is teaching. She was here on Wednesday, the 7th inst., to pack up her belongings. Miss Clark was well liked by everybody here, and we are sure that all join in wishing her success in her new position. So far, she has enjoyed her vacation very much. Having lately purchased a new wheel, she is able to make many pleasant trips.

Mr. John Shotwell, one of the oldest graduates of this Institution, almost from the time it was removed to Fanwood, in the capacity of all-around help and afterwards as assistant gardener, which position he still holds to-day, has a very clear recollection of the days when the late Harvey Prindle Peet, Ph.D., LL.D., used to preside over the Institution. Mr. Shotwell is one of the landmarks left us. The other evening he repeated a story that the doctor told the pupils while at 50th Street, about forty years ago.

Mr. Isaac B. Gardner is back again, having returned on Monday. Mr. Divine will be greatly relieved from too much care over the boys. However, this is his last week at Fanwood, for next week he leaves all responsibility as supervisor behind him, to engage in teaching at the new school in Montana. Mr. Divine, though only at Fanwood one year, leaves a large circle of friends who regret his departure, but all join in wishing him success in his new vocation.

The "Cowboy Poet" mentioned in "The Recorder's" last week correspondence, is no other than John E. O'Brien, who was with the consent of Principal Currier allowed to leave school for good. No one here would for a moment swallow his cowboy tales, and as for his being a poet, we leave that to the detective and reporters of that wide-awake city of Philadelphia.

"Treasures of wickedness profit nothing," was Prof. Jones' text

Sunday morning. He recited an interesting moral story concerning an Egyptian thief, which was written before the Christian era, by the then famous historian Herodotus.

Miss Pease, half-sister of Mr. Ira W. Tyler, who has acted as supervisor of the girls since last Spring, will not return, having, it is said decided to engage in other kind of work.

William G. Shanks, Class of '85, and winner of the Holbrook gold medal, has been appointed supervisor of the boys in place of Mr. Louis Divine, who has resigned.

The Defender Baseball Club, after defeating a club composed of sawbones, disbanded. The syndicate yacht "Defender" just at present is receiving the most attention.

Principal Currier returned to the Institution on Monday evening, to attend to the many details concerning the management of the School.

Miss Leary, one of the supervisors of the Kindergarten, resigned at the end of July, because she was badly needed at home.

The boys had another watermelon party last week. It seems that they are getting fond of melons.

The visitors on Sunday were Messrs. Koenig and Stepek and Miss Martha Hasty.

The Primary Department after being put in condition has been closed till the new term begins.

Mr. Miller, the Accountant, left on Monday for his vacation.

Miss Olin was here again Thursday afternoon.

The weather— isn't it hot!

## THE FATAL TRACK.

(From the Michigan Mirror.)

Not many years ago the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, of New York, made a special effort to ascertain the number of deaths in a given time resulting from the deaf walking on the railroad. The record was kept up for some length of time—several months, at least—and it was found there was in the whole country an average of about one death per week, if we are not mistaken. The effect of publishing the record seems to have been good, for after a time the number of fatalities began to decrease. Possibly the supply of reckless ones of that generation had given out. There have been a sufficient number of similar "accidents" since then, but they have been less numerous.

Are we approaching a period when a new crop of track-walkers is to be harvested? It would seem so, for right here in Michigan there have been three cases in about as many weeks—two, and possibly all of them, being fatal.

The first case was that of Morgan Ingraham, who was killed early in July while walking along the F. & P. M. at some place west of Midland. Curiously enough, he was killed near the spot where his deaf brother met death in a similar way a year or two ago. We do not know who Ingraham was; certainly there is no such name in the record book of our school.

George A. Silver furnished the second case. He was an honest, hard working man, employed on the Crapo farm, about ten miles west of Flint. The farm is a large one, consisting of over a thousand acres, much of it along the Grand Trunk road. In going from one part to another, the workmen probably often use the railroad track to save time and distance. This is what Silvers seems to have been doing when going to his work on the morning of July 13th. Not being able to hear the warning whistle of an approaching locomotive, he was struck and instantly killed. He was a pupil in our school over thirty years ago, when Mr. Fay was the Principal. He left a hearing wife and three young children. Many of our pupils saw him last April, when he visited the school with his wife and one of their children.

The following dispatch tells all we have heard of the third case, which may or may not have proved fatal:

## DEAF-MUTE ON THE TRACK.

JONESVILLE, MICH., July 24.—Saturday afternoon George W. Holland, a deaf-mute, while crossing the Lake Shore tracks, was struck by the north bound freight and thrown from the track. He remained unconscious several hours and internal injuries are feared.

It should be noted that Mr. Holland was crossing the tracks when struck, consequently, he was less to blame than if he had been walking along the road. He was simply careless, as is often the case when one is obliged to cross the track frequently. Holland became a pupil of our school before the war and we think he graduated in 1864, at the close of Mr. Bangs' first year as Principal. He was then a young man of powerful build and graceful manners. He became a stone cutter and we once heard he was an expert hand at carving epitaphs on monuments. We have heard but little of him during recent years, but understand he was married. We hope his life is saved and that he has received no permanent injuries.

The moral of what we have written may be given very briefly.

1. Deaf-mutes should never stand on or walk along the railroad.

2. When it is necessary to cross the track, they should always be alert and look both ways. H.

## COLUMBUS.

The Ohio Alumni to Meet August 30.

POINTERS FOR THOSE WHO INTEND BEING PRESENT.

A Few Personal Notes.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

We have not said much thus far, concerning the forthcoming reunion, the 9th in history, of the Ohio Deaf-Mute Alumni Association. The time for holding it is drawing nigh. All arrangements will be completed at the date the event is to occur.

The Dispatch of this city recently published the following concerning the meeting of the Association and the work it is expected to accomplish:

The ninth annual convention of the Ohio Deaf-Mute Alumni Association, which meets in this city August 30 to September 1, will convene under unusual circumstances. One of the matters that will be brought prominently before the convention will be that of electing officers for the new home for deaf-mutes at Central College, the deal having been consummated Thursday by the filing of the deed, which conveys the old Central College property at Central College, about eleven miles northeast of this city, with Recorder Peters. The board of managers of the home fund will make their report to the convention at the coming session. The committee consists of R. Patterson, president; R. P. McGowan, secretary; Jacob Showalter, George Evans, John Barick, Matt Mullen, B. O. Sprague and T. McGinness, and to them is due in a large degree the successful outcome of the venture, which the majority of the people interested did not think would come to pass for at least ten years. The consideration paid for the property, \$3,000, was raised entirely through the personal efforts of the committee, assisted by the alumni of the association, no outside help being asked or given, and the aged and infirm members of the association will have a home that is bought and paid for by the efforts of their own people.

The convention will be attended by at least two hundred of the Alumni Association. Last year the attendance was somewhat in excess of this number, but not so many are expected this year, it is said, on account of the late season. By the filing of the deed, the convention will meet in the institution for the deaf and dumb in this city, and they will make it their headquarters and be entertained there during the three days.

The officers of the Alumni Association at present are A. H. Schory, president; C. W. Charles, vice-president and corresponding secretary; Ed. H. McVane, recording secretary; Ira Crandon, treasurer. The executive committee consists of William Zorn, John S. Leib and L. D. Water. The program has been arranged as yet, but there will be the reading of papers and the transaction of routine business and in all probability they will make a visit to the city of Columbus, where the annual social features of such occasions. The Central Traffic Association has very kindly granted excursion rates to and from all parts in Ohio only for those attending the convention. The intention is to adopt a set of by-laws and to govern the home by a board of managers elected by the convention. The members will appoint a superintendent and such other officers as are found to be needed. Just now there are no inmates, as the place will not be in running order until the convention has been held. 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## PORT CHESTER, N. Y.

Mr. Chester Q. Mann was in town some time ago, collecting money for the Gallaudet Home. He reports fair success in Port Chester.

Master Winfield E. Marshall is home for his vacation. He attends the school at Rome.

Master Fritz Miller, who returned from school at Hartford, is now at work in the nut and bolt factory.

Mr. A. F. Marshall, of Bridgeport, spent a few days with relatives here in town some weeks ago.

Master Joe Marshall is learning the machinist trade. As he likes it very well, we expect to hear of great things from Joe some day.

Mr. Talmadge, of Stamford, and Mr. Minor, of White Plains, were in town Sunday, July 21st.

Mr. and Mrs. Whitmeyer, of North Stamford, drove to Port Chester Sunday, July 21st, to attend services held for deaf-mutes. Mrs. Whitmeyer was the guest of Mrs. L. G. Marshall over Sunday, and called upon the writer Monday.

Mrs. Martling's two nieces from New Haven are spending part of their vacation at her pleasant home.

Miss Katie Newman, who has been visiting her cousin, Mrs. C. Newman, has returned home.

Mr. R. J. Martling has been having his house, in which Mrs. Blakesley lives, put in needed repair.

Miss Edith H. Marshall, of Bridgeport, was the guest of her cousin, Miss A. S. Betts, for a few days.

Mrs. Minnie H. Howard and daughter, Miss Edith, of South Royalton, Vt., and Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Hoyt, of Norwalk, were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. D. S. Betts at the same time. The visit was one not likely to be forgotten by any, as all had a very enjoyable time.

Mrs. Howard, who is a cousin of Mrs. Betts, has not been here for fourteen years, and finds great changes in Port Chester.

Mr. C. Van Tassel held services for the deaf-mutes of Port Chester and vicinity, Sunday, 21st, at 3 P.M., in St. Peter's Episcopal Church. The services were well attended, and all enjoyed the sermon very much. Some of the mutes met for a quiet chat after service at the residence of L. G. Marshall.

Jimmie, the bright little Italian boy, who assists in the barber shop under F. M. Betts & Co's. store, takes quite an interest in the mutes and watches their motions with intent interest. He is anxious to learn how to talk, so we may expect to see him talking as well as any of them soon.

Master W. E. Marshall and Mr. J. Drumm, with other Port Chester friends, attended the Union League excursion. They report a very pleasant time.

Mrs. G. W. Odell and children are on a visit at the home of Mrs. Odell's parents on the Hudson.

Mrs. R. J. Martling's sister, who spent a day last week with her, returned to New Haven. She expects to return again this week to spend a few more days with her sister.

One day not long ago, while busily writing, a cousin came in and informed me a lady was waiting outside who wished to see me. It proved to be my sister, who had driven from Norwalk with a cousin, and she wanted me to return home with her, for a drive.

We started at 4.10 P.M. As it was a perfect day, we had nothing to mar our pleasure. At Greenwich we passed the "old toll gate house" which still stands as an old landmark. The drive between Port Chester and Greenwich is very picturesque, and the residences in Greenwich are very fine, as Greenwich is chiefly a summer resort for some of the inhabitants of New York City. We had a fine view of the sound for quite a distance, and passed the residence of Mr. Mill bank. It was once owned by Mr. Tweed, of the "Tweed Ring."

Cos Cob is very small place, with nothing to especially attract one's attention, except a small stone church which is quite pretty.

Stamford is a pretty city, and the roads are nice to drive over. There are some pretty residences there also. Between Stamford and Norwalk we passed through small villages, with stretches of country and woods between each village. Some of it was very pretty, especially as it had rained the day before and every thing looked bright and fresh. At one place there was a building only about half erected, and for some cause it had never been completed. It had stood that way for a long time. Further on was another house that the owner was building in his leisure time. He had been about three years so far, and there was considerable to be done on it yet.

At another place was a barn that had been built recently, but the roof was falling in, and the sides leaned in a frightful manner. We passed a small house on the outskirts of a piece of wood, in which lived a large family of little daries. It was comical to watch their antics, from the wee tot who could scarcely toddle, to the largest one. Three or four of them had old barrel hoops, and were enjoyable themselves very much more than some little ones I know, who have ten times that amount, and more too, to make them happy. They made quite an unconscious picture, too, as they stood out there, pausing

only an instant in their play, to watch us pass. They fitted so nicely into the surroundings, that one could imagine they were little sun-browned wood nymphs dancing in the woods.

Just before we arrived "home," we came to a high hill that gave us a good view of Norwalk and the harbour. It was a beautiful sight, one well worth seeing.

We arrived home at 6:55, after a very enjoyable ride. The next morning, I returned to Port Chester by rail.

Mr. W. Hubley and two daughters, of Morris Park, L. I., spent a few days with his sister-in-law, Mrs. L. G. Marshall. He and one daughter have returned home. The other daughter will spend a part of her vacation here with her aunt.

BETSEY.

Aug. 9,-'35.

## WONDERFUL DEPTHS OF SPACE.

DISTANCES SO OVERWHELMING THAT THE FINITE MIND CANNOT CONCEIVE OF THEM.

By way of illustrating the great depths of space, Sir Robert Ball, the astronomer in the *Boston Transcript* says:—Let us suppose that telegraph lines, instead of being merely confined to the earth, were extended throughout the length and depth of space. Let one wire stretch from the earth to the moon, another from the earth to the sun, another from the earth to the nearest bright star, another from the earth to a faint telescopic star, and, finally, let a wire be stretched all the way from the earth to one of the more distant stars. Let us now see what the very shortest time would be in which a message might be transmitted to each of these several destinations. First, with respect to the moon. Our satellite is, comparatively speaking, so near to us that but little more than a second would be required for a signal to travel thither from the earth.

The sun is, however, many times further away than the moon, and the time required for sending a message to the sun would be correspondingly longer. The sun is, indeed, so far that when the key had been pressed down, and the electric wave had shot forth along the solar wire to pursue its route at that stupendous speed which would permit it to place a girle seven times round this earth in a second, yet eight minutes would have to elapse ere the electric wave had passed from the earth to the sun. An answer sent back from the sun would require another eight minutes for the return journey, so that if there were no undue delay in the solar post office, we might expect a reply within half an hour or so after the original message had been despatched.

Telegraphing to the stars would, however be a much more tedious matter. Take, first, the case of the very nearest of those twinkling points of light—namely Alpha Centauri. The transmission of a telegraphic message to this distant sun would, indeed, tax the patience. The key is pressed down, the message bounds off on its journey: it wings its way along the wire with that velocity sufficient to carry it 180,000 miles in a single second of time. Even the nearest of the stars is, however sunk into space to a distance so overwhelming that the time required for the journey is not a question of days, not of weeks, nor even of months, for no less than four years would have to pass by before the electricity had accomplished this stupendous journey.

Alpha Centauri is however, merely the nearest of these stars. We have yet to indicate the distances of those which are more remote. Look up to-night toward the heavens, and among the thousands of twinkling points which delight our eyes, there is many a one up there so far off that if, after the battle of Waterloo had been won in 1815, the Duke of Wellington had telegraphed the news to these stellar depths, the message would not yet have been received there, notwithstanding the fact that for eighty years it has been flashing along with that lightning velocity which would carry it seven times around the earth in the interval between the two ticks of a clock.

There are stars further still. Fortify your eyes with a telescope, and direct it towards the sky. Over our heads there are thousands of stars so remote that, if the news of the discovery of America by Columbus had been circulated far and wide through the universe, by the instrumentality of the telegraph, those thousands of stars to which I now refer are elevated into boundless space to altitudes so stupendous that the announcement would not yet have reached them.

It seems certain that many of these stars are so remote that if the glad tidings of the first Christmas at Bethlehem, 1895 years ago, had been disseminated through the universe by the swiftest electric current ever known, yet these stars are so inconceivably remote that all the seconds which have elapsed in the 1895 years of our present era would not have sufficed for the journey.

But if any reader of these lines should entertain any misgivings as

to the reality of these stellar distances, then there is one consideration which I specially commend to his notice. Remember that space seems to us to be boundless, for our imagination can conceive no limits. There must, it would seem, be depths of space thousands of times or indeed millions of times, greater than those of which I have spoken. We can conceive of no boundary; for even, if that celestial vault of crystal existed which the ancients supposed, our imaginations could pierce through it to the other side, and then on indefinitely. And seeing that space seems to us to be infinite, what wonder is it if the stars should lie at the distances I have named, or at distances millions of times greater still.

## JUDGING BY APPEARANCES.

Jim Davis was a "big cattle-man" form a Texas ranch. He went to Chicago twice a year with cattle, hundreds of them. Once the entire train was made up of his cars, and Jim rode alone in the drovers' car at the end. As soon as his sale was completed at the Stock Yards, Jim always went straight to an oyster-house and got fresh oysters on the shell, which were not to be had on the ranch for love nor money.

It was his custom to taken the pay for his cattle in currency. He "never bothered with checks." So, with his pockets crammed with big bills, after the sale of his train full of beeves, Jim went to a glittering restaurant, with mirror-lined walls, and called, as usual, for "three dozen Blue Points."

He did not look at all elegant. He had on the clothes in which he had come from Texas. His trousers were tucked into the tops of his rough riding-boots. His hat and blouse, his buffalo-skin overcoat and his ragged yarn mittens did not look like the clothes of a man with several thousand dollars in his pocket. The waiter eyed him curiously as he served him, but Jim ate his three dozen oysters with relish, and drank four cups of coffee with them. Then he called out:

"Pie! Pumpkin-pie!"

The man brought him a small piece with a fork.

"Bring me a pumpkin-pie!"

said Jim, with an angry gleam in his eye.

The pie was brought, and Jim ate it. As he went up to the desk to pay his bill, he suddenly remembered that he had no change. His bill was less than two dollars, and he had nothing smaller than a fifty-dollar greenback. He thought it would "looked green" to offer that, so he stood there, growing redder and redder in the face, and chewing faster and faster on a tooth-pick he had take with an idea of "being stylish."

Finally the cashier asked, "Have you your check, sir?"

"Never carry checks," answered Jim; "I've known men to get fooled into signing 'em when they wasn't thinking. They aint safe things to have."

"Didn't you want to pay your bill?" asked the cashier.

"Oh, yes, I want to pay it, young fellow, but—but—"

Here Jim happened to look around, and saw his waiter and the proprietor of the restaurant both standing near, eying him suspiciously.

"My blood was up at that," said he, telling of his experience.

"I'm sorry," says I, "but I ain't got the change."

"What do you mean by coming in here and gorging, then?" says the boss stepping up. Yes, sir, he called it "gorging," a little light lunch like that.

"I eat 'cause I wanted something," says I, "and I'd advise you, Mr. Walter, not to be so blamed stingy of your pie next time." "Pay and go," says the boss, putting on airs. "I tell you I ain't got the change," says I.

"All right," says he; "I'll send for a policeman." "Just do," says I, and he did.

"If he hadn't bluffed me so, I'd have let him off, but blamed if I didn't pull out a thousand-dollar greenback before his police got there, and make him hustle for the change! He sent to the bank and it was shut, and I don't know what he didn't do."

"I told him, when he finally got his dollar and ninety cents out, that I'd have let him off with fifty if the waiter hadn't been so mighty stingy with that pie."

## SWEET GHOSTS.

Our house was closed for three years while we were in Europe; and soon after our return, last June, we began to hear mysterious noises. The house was hip-roofed, and the chambers were low, with sloping ceilings. It was in the chambers that we heard the noises.

The sounds varied. Sometimes we heard a low, heavy rumbling like distant thunder; at other times we heard, or seemed to hear, broken murmurs, like hoarse voices in conversation; but usually the noise suggested distant whispering groanings.

We were not superstitious, but it was not pleasant to have such things going on in the house. For four

weeks we sought vainly for a explanation of the mystery. Rats and mice never made such noises, nor bats nor birds. So far as we could think, nothing that flies, nothing that runs, could produce such sounds as came from our haunted chambers.

We had many curious visitors, but pretty soon some of our more ignorant neighbors began to shun the house. The whole affair was greatly exaggerated, of course, and disagreeable rumors were speedily noised about.

This had been going on for about four weeks when father came into the house one morning in a state of evident excitement.

"Well, I've solved the mystery!" he exclaimed. "It's bees!"

"Bees!" we cried; "what do you mean?"

"I've seen a thousand bees, at least, going out and in at that small hole in the gable roof," he said. They've swarmed there, and that explains the whole thing."

We laughed at the idea; but father called a carpenter and had the small hole in the gable enlarged. The inside of the roof was found to be one immense bee-hive. Over fifty pounds of delicious honey were taken out, and with the removal of the bees the mysterious sounds came to an end.

## "POT LUCK."

Artists and literary men often have serious financial straits to go through, even in this land of plenty.

An author of some little celebrity relates an incident of a friend of his, an artist, who, though he now enjoys quite a reputation, and has an income sufficient for all his needs, was, a few years ago, living with his small family, emphatically from hand to mouth.

But the artist, who was, even at that epoch, very hospitable, one day invited his friend, the author, to come and dine with him.

"You are a Bohemian yourself," said the artist, "and are willing, I suppose to take pot luck with a fellow-Bohemian?"

"Shall be very glad to do so," said the author.

The day for the dinner arrived, the author went in good season to the artist's house, and was received in cordial fashion. The visitor chattered agreeably with the artist and his wife.

But the time wore on, and there were no signs of any dinner. Still, the talk was on congenial, and the topics, and the company was congenial, and the literary man tried to forget that he was hungry.

He grew so uneasy at last, however, that his host, who had now and then got up and looked out of the window, was forced to notice his evident distress.

"I suppose," said artist, "that you're wondering why you don't get any dinner?"

"Well, I will confess that the thought had come into my mind."

"Well, we're wondering the same thing, too. I'll tell you what the fact is. We've entirely run out of provision; but there's a man up town who owes me two dollars. I've sent my boy Jimmy up to dun him for the money, and he hasn't got back yet. If Jimmy gets the two dollars, we'll have some dinner; if he don't, why, we won't. Pot luck, you know, old fellow, pot luck!"

## COUSIN CHARLOTTE.

Mrs. Lee looked up from the letter she was reading. "Cousin Charlotte is coming to spend a month with us," she said.

There was a sudden silence; startled, dismayed glances passed around the breakfast-table. Mrs. David Lee, who had just been brought home a bride, asked, "Who and what is Cousin Charlotte?"

The Judge made haste to answer: "Miss Charlotte Bell is a most lovable woman of about thirty. She has a fine intellect and a warm heart. There is no scheme of philanthropy in her native city in which she does not take part."

"She is a beauty, too!" exclaimed one of the boys. "I do not know a more beautiful woman."

"She is a faithful Christian," said Mrs. Lee, gravely.

"If she is perfection, why do you dread her coming?" Mrs. David asked her husband when they rose from the table.

"Wait and you will see," he said. Cousin Charlotte telegraphed the next day: "Coming on night train."

There were six trains that night from the West. Judge Lee and David haunted the station from six o'clock until two in the morning, but no Cousin Charlotte. The night was cold and stormy, and the judge went home aching with lumbago. All of the next day and night some of the Lee family were on guard at the station, but they watched in vain.

Two days later she arrived, gay and smiling. "You expected me? Too bad! I changed my mind, and really forgot to wire you. I must ask you to look after my trunk. I haven't the least idea what I have done with the check."

For two days David was busy sending telegrams in every direction for the missing luggage, while Cousin Charlotte foraged upon the girls' wardrobes for gowns, collars and other such things.

Miss Bell never rose in time for breakfast, and was sure to be absent at luncheon and dinner-time. Her meal, therefore, had to be prepared separately. The cook rebelled, the chambermaid gave warning. Cousin Charlotte made numerous appointments with people concerned in benevolent work to come to the house, and then went out and forgot them; she always kept the family waiting an hour for her to dress when they were going to a concert or lecture.

She appointed a conference with discharged prisoners for the same evening that Mrs. Lee had chosen for a reception in honor of the bride. The gay young people and the quondam thieves and burglars met in the parlor.

Through all these discomforts Miss Bell passed, smiling airily. "Really, I forgot!" or "The matter was so petty it escaped my notice," was her only apology.

With her heart full of kindness to all the world, she had a singular facility for saying unpleasant things. She denounced the Pope to a Catholic insisted on helping a Jew to ham and oysters, and described the horrors of a death from consumption to a young girl already hectic with that disease.

"If I had had a brother who was hanged," said David, "Cousin Charlotte would talk to me of nothing but ropes! She has a genius for indiscretions!"

She always deplored her thoughtlessness, and the next moment, by a heedless word, stirred up some slumbering feud, or tore open an old wound.

When, after a dozen postponements, the day of her departure actually arrived, the Lee family breathed a sigh of relief.

"One of the women who best deserve heaven," said the judge, "but who are intolerable upon earth!"

## EMBARRASSING.

Children sometimes tell the truth at most inopportune moments, much to the discomfort of their elders, writes a correspondent, who relates that a lady of her acquaintance, whose home was charmingly managed, had two roguish, irrepressible boys.

One afternoon this lady had company. She was particularly anxious to produce a favorable impression, and took great pains for this purpose. She prepared an elaborate supper.

The guests and family were gathered about the tea-table, when one of the boys surprised his mother by exclaiming, during a lull in the conversation, "Tell you what, ma, we don't have such a supper's this very often, do we?"

There was momentary pause; the hostess blushed, and then said with a laugh, "No, Johnnie, this is a company supper." The reply and the little laugh prevented any feeling of awkwardness.

After supper the company retired to the parlor where the lamps were lighted, and here that artless boy fired another shot at his mother's weak armor.

"O ma!" he cried, "You've borrowed Aunt Sally's new lamps, ain't you?"

If annoyed, the mother did not betray it; but making a smiling grimace to her guests, she said, "It's no use trying to shine in borrowed plumes with my boys."

A lady, not especially invited, went to spend the afternoon with a friend. After her wraps were removed, her friend's little daughter gravely inquired:

"Are you going to stay to supper?"

"I guess so, my dear," the lady replied, "Don't you want me to?"

"Oh yes! I want you to," the child answered, with surprising frankness. "But I don't know about mamma; 'cause when she saw you comin' she said she hoped you wouldn't stay to supper. I guess she hasn't any cake."

The embarrassment of both mother and guest may be imagined.

## A RARE LOVE-LETTER.

In the "Life of Harriet Beecher Stowe" by her son is given a love-letter of Prof. Calvin E. Stowe to his wife, written before "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was given to the world. It is interesting, therefore, as being prophetic of her power and fame; but still more so as a picture of womanly character which should be framed and placed conspicuously in every household, as the Vicar of Wakefield kept his epitaph of his wife in her sight to remind her of what she ought to be.

This love-letter would be valuable in teaching the wife to cultivate every noble, and to repress every ignoble, trait: the husband to recognize and appreciate all her true excellence; and the young persons of the family to seek not only the unfolding of special gifts and graces, but that balance and harmony which wins and preserves real affection.

"My dear, you must be a literary woman. It is so written in the book of fate. Make all your calculations accordingly. Get a good stock of health, and brush up your mind. Drop the E out of your name. It only encumbers it and interferes with the flow and euphony."

"Write yourself fully and always

Harriet Beecher Stowe, which is a name euphonious, flowing and full of meaning. Then my word for it, your husband will lift up his head in the gate, and your children will rise up and call you blessed."

"And now, my dear wife, I want you to come home as quick as you can. The fact is I cannot live without you, and if we were not so prodigious poor I would come for you at once. There is no woman like you in this wide world. Who else has so much talent with so little self-conceit; so much reputation with so little affectation; so much literature with so little nonsense; so much enterprise with so little extravagance; so much tongue with so little scold; so much sweetness with so little softness; so much of so many things and so little of so many other things?"

## IMPORTANT FACTS FOR PRUDENT HOUSEWIVES.

It is well to add a little vinegar in which salt fish is soaked. Potash put down the drain-pipes will prevent a pumber's bill.

In cooking string beans, peas and spinach, a grating of nutmeg much improves their flavor.

To remove peach stains soak in milk for forty-eight hours, or rub with lemon juice and salt.

If a sprig of parsley dipped in vinegar is eaten after an onion, no unpleasant odor from the breath can be detected.

Ice-cream should be frozen in a warm place, for the more rapid the melting of the ice the quicker the cream freezes.

In pickling alum help to make the pickles crisp, while horseradish and mustard seeds prevent the vinegar from becoming muddy.

Tansy is a sure preventive of moths, and if the leaves are sprinkled freely about woolens and furs they will never be moth-eaten.

To renew straw matting, rub all over it a layer of wet fuller's earth; after it has remained for several days, cleanse with salt and water.

Stone jars for bread and cake boxes should be scalded twice a week in summer weather, sunning, if possible, to keep mold from gathering.

An infant's clothing should always be so arranged as to allow the limbs freedom of motion and not to compress any portion of the body.

A pint of berries or peaches cut fine added to a quart of ordinary ice-cream while in the process of freezing makes a delicious fruit ice-cream.

Pickles should be well salted in strong brine or they will be tasteless and insipid. Better too much than too little salt, as they can be freshened in weak vinegar.

Jellies should always be made in a porcelain kettle, and the best refined or granulated sugar should be used, and the fruit, especially currants and grapes, should not be over-ripe.

Rum is an excellent addition in the way of flavoring to many sweet sauces and cakes. Wherever called for by a recipe, always use Jamaica rum; no other brand is suitable for the purpose.

It is a good plan to keep a small dish of powdered charcoal on one of the upper shelves of the refrigerator, as it is an excellent absorbent of odors. It should be changed every few days.

An infant's clothing should be studiously adapted to the weather, avoiding at all times exposure to the injurious effects of sudden changes in temperature without proper covering; but nurseries and sleeping apartments should invariably be well ventilated.

To make a cup of coffee almost as nourishing as a meal, stir into it an egg well beaten. First beat the egg in the cup, add a little cream and then the sugar, and lastly, the coffee poured in gradually. When adding the coffee, beat constantly, with a small egg-beater.

Aluminum is becoming a favorite metal for kitchen utensils. It is higher in price than tin and iron, but housewives who have used it are delighted with its satisfactory results. It is less heavy and unwieldy than the other metals; lasts as well and is easily kept bright.

In preserving fruit the syrup used for juicy fruits should be rich, and that for fruits which are rather dry and require long cooking should be rather thin. The proportions of a rich syrup are one pint of sugar to half a pint of water, the two ingredients to be boiled together for a quarter of an hour.

Corks that have been steeped in vaseline are an excellent substitute for glass stoppers. Acid in no way affects them, and chemical fumes do not cause decay in them, neither do they become fixed by a blow or long disuse. In short, they have all the utilities of the glass without its disadvantages.

Having taken too long a walk, or become overfatigued in any way, it is wiser to go back to bed for an hour or so, and give yourself a complete rest, than drag about for the rest of the day, too tired to do anything. A rather delicate girl found that by adopting this plan she renewed her strength and energies in what proves to be the almost economical expenditure of time.

Second Season

## GRAND PICNIC

OF THE

New Jersey Deaf-Mute Society

ROSEVILLE PARK,

Newark,

New Jersey

Saturday, August 31

Music by Conway's Orchestra

TICKETS, - 25 CTS.

DIRECTIONS.

From New York City—Delaware, Lackawanna & Western Railroad (foot of Barclay or Christopher Streets) to Roseville Station. By the Pennsylvania Railroad (foot of Cortlandt or Desbrosses Streets) to Market Street Station, Newark, thence by Orange Street Trolley Cars to Roseville.

The following athletic contests will be held, and valuable prizes awarded to the winners: One hundred yards hurdle race, sack race, three-legged race. For the ladies there will be two events, as follows: Potato race and throwing the baseball.

ARRANGEMENT COMMITTEE.

Emil Scheifer, Chairman.  
Frank Lennox, John Limpert,  
John Black, Edward Manning.